

# THE TRIBUNE CHILDREN'S PAGE

## WHATEVER HAPPENS SMILE EDIE AND EDDIE ANAWAY, FOR A WHILE



Edie and her elephant,  
When starting up their school,  
Decided from the very first  
To have a single rule.

And Edie wrote it on the board—  
It took her quite a while—  
But there it was for all to see:  
"Whatever happens—Smile!"

When Billy Bulldog spilt the ink  
HE took it as a joke.  
When Eddie had to spank a cat  
SHE grinned at every stroke.

When some one broke a window pane  
THEY laughed aloud with glee  
And when a dunce put on his cap  
HE wore it cheerfully.

So, Edie wiped the blackboard off  
Lest some worse thing befall,  
And, anyway, it's very hard  
To make one rule for all.

## THE GIANT AND HIS SERVANTS

By PADRAIC COLUM.

CHAPTER I.

Michaelen, His Porter,  
Takes Jack to the  
Kitchen to Dry  
Dishes.

"What are the towers for, Giant?" said Jack.

"They are for my hunting hawks," said the Giant. "I wonder have they flown home yet?" The house was the shape of a fool's cap. And the round point of the house that was like the round point of the fool's cap went higher than the high larch trees. The Giant

leave him in the kitchen to help wash up the cups and saucers."

The first thing that Jack saw in the kitchen was a clock so big that he thought it would take a whole day to make the minute hand go round the face of it and a whole month to bring the hour hand round. The porter left him on a table. Jack saw a window, and within the window space he noticed the furnishings of a little room; there was a table that was small compared with the Giant's; there were chairs and a bed, and all were the same size as in the house of a human creature.

"Are you there, Brown Jilin?" said the Giant's porter.

"Yes," said a voice.

"And what are you doing, Jilin?"

"I am folding a pocket handkerchief."

"Well, leave it and come here."

A young woman came from behind a stocking that was hanging from a line. She was only a little less tall than Jack himself. She had nice brown eyes. But her hair, which fell about her shoulders, was coarse like the hairs in a horse's tail, and sticking in it were burrs that never fell off. And between her shoulders there was a hump.

"This youth is to help you to wash the cups and saucers and be a good servant to the Giant," said Michaelen. "I'll leave him with you now, and I hope you'll get on well together." The doorkeeper with the cat's eyes then went out of the kitchen.

Jilin didn't speak to Jack. She stood at the table and washed a big cup with scalding water.

"I am Jack the Champion," said he. "I am a great fellow with a bow and arrow. The animals and the birds are all friends of mine. I have had great adventures. I was going on another adventure when the Giant took me and brought me here. But I'll escape from him. And if you like I will take you with me."

"Is it you that's to marry me?" Jilin asked.

"No," said Jack. "The girl I marry will be as handsome as a pigeon."

Now, if Jack had been reared by well-mannered people instead of by the Hags of the Long Teeth he would not have said that, for tears came into Jilin's eyes, although, holding her head sideways, she smiled at him. Jack was not even sorry for what he had said.

Jack dried the cup and hung it on a hook she could reach. She put a chair for Jack at the little table and gave him a piece of bread and a sup of milk. And when he had eaten she said: "One of us is in great danger tonight. The Giant's hunting hawks have flown home, and the Giant is in the habit of giving them a human creature to devour. He is asleep now. Maybe before he awakens I can advise you how to baffle him when he comes to take one of us."

To be continued.

## CANDYTOWN STORIES

The Thrills of a Sailor's  
Life Attract Andrew  
Sugar Almond.



Andrew said goodbye and started off.

By LOUISE S. HASBROUCK.

ANDREW SUGAR ALMOND was a very mild looking little candy boy, with a nice pale pink suit of clothes and pale pink cheeks. But he was really not at all like his looks. His great ambition was to go to sea and be a sailor. One day he said goodbye to his father and mother and brothers and sisters and started off.

After walking for miles and miles he reached the sea. And there, lying at a pier, he saw a fine ship, made of a coconut shell, with strong waxed paper sails. Her name was the Nifty Nellie.

"That is the ship for me," thought Andrew. And he got on board when the captain and sailors were not looking and hid in the hold.

Pretty soon the ship sailed away. Andrew Almond began to get very hungry, so he ventured out. Some sailors saw him and said, "Why, here's a stowaway," and took him to the captain.

The captain of the Nifty Nellie was old Walnut, the toughest old nut that ever sailed the seas. "What's this?" he roared when Andrew was brought before him. "Shiver my timbers, if it isn't a fresh young Sugar-Nut in a pink jacket! We haven't any use for such as you on board, my boy. Off you go at the first port we stop at, and that's the Sandwich Islands, where the natives will make you into a filling for their sandwiches!"

Andrew shivered in his shoes. He had never thought when he came to sea that he would be made into a filling for the hungry Sand-

wich Islanders. But he resolved to be polite to the captain and perhaps he would be spared from this dreadful fate. "Just as you think best, captain," he said, "but I'd like to work my passage there. Can't you give me something to do?"

"Do?" roared the captain. "What can you do? Why, you've never been on board a ship before in your life; I can tell by the look of you!"

Andrew was very much embarrassed. To tell the truth, he could not think of anything he could do which would be of use on board a ship. He thought and thought, and then he said: "I'm a pretty good whistler. I might whistle and amuse the sailors."

"Well, I never!" exclaimed the captain. "You think you can pay your passage by whistling, do you? You certainly are fresh, even for a fresh nut! Now you go below and help the cook wash dishes and don't let me hear from you again till we reach the Sandwich Islands."



The Captain was the toughest old nut that ever sailed the seas.

Andrew went below and helped the cook wash dishes, but the more he thought of being put off at the Sandwich Islands the more melancholy he became. Yet there seemed to be no help for it.

The ship had been sailing along merrily, but all of a sudden there came a calm. It stayed calm for days and days and days. Every one looked worried, as there was not



He never would land at the Sandwich Islands.

enough food or fresh water on board to last much longer.

One day the captain sent for Andrew. Andrew went up on deck with his heart in his mouth. He did not know what to expect.

To his surprise, the captain said gruffly "Boy, did you say you could whistle?"

"Yes, sir," cried Andrew.

"Whistle, then," said Captain Walnut. "The sailors say it will bring the wind, but none of them is a good enough whistler to do it."

Andrew pursed his lips and began to whistle. First he whistled low, then he whistled high. Then he whistled tunes he knew, and then he made up some. Of all the whistling the captain or the sailors had ever heard Andrew Almond's was certainly the best.

"Great fishes!" said the captain. "That ought to bring the wind!"

As he spoke a puff of wind sprang up; then came another and another, and in a short time a steady breeze was filling the Nifty Nellie's sails.

Captain Walnut said to Andrew Almond: "Boy, you needn't get off at the Sandwich Islands, after all. You can stay on my ship as long as you like if you will promise always to whistle when there is a calm."

"Oh, I will!" cried Andrew joyfully. "Please can I be a regular sailor, too?"

To this the captain assented; so the first mate, Mr. Peanut, took Andrew Almond in charge to make a sailor of him. Instead of his pink clothes Andrew wore a real sailor's suit; instead of his pink cheeks he gained a fine coat of tan; and after a while, on account of the salt air and water, Andrew became salty through and through, and changed from a Sugar Almond into a nice brown Salted Almond! He sailed all over the world, but he never would land at the Sandwich Islands; and I think that was very wise of him, don't you?



"Seven glens, seven fens, seven mountains and seven rivers the Giant crossed with seven of his seven steps."

"What are the windmills for, Giant?" Jack asked.

"To grind food for myself and my family," said the Giant.

"And what family have you?" said Jack, who always asked questions.

"Myself and my wife, my three sons and four daughters," said the Giant. "I have a doorkeeper, too," said he, "Michaelen with the cat's eyes. He can see in the dark, and that makes him very useful to me."

"Is there any one that is like myself in your house?" said Jack.

"There is," said the Giant. "There's Jilin, the kitchen girl. But as one mill in one day would grind all the food that she eats in a year I don't count her at all."

They crossed the plain and went amongst trees that grew up nearly to the sky. And when they went past the trees they saw the Giant's house. And beside the house there were towers of stone.

took Jack out of the basket and flung him toward the door. Jack thought he would surely be dashed to pieces. But some one who was standing in the doorway caught him and he got only a shaking. "Good, Michaelen, my porter," said the Giant, and then he lay down on the ground outside the house. His big dogs came out and rubbed him and stretched themselves upon him. Then he and the dogs went to sleep.

Michaelen, the porter with the cat's eyes, put Jack under his arm and went through the house. In one room the Giant's wife and his three sons and four daughters were eating a meal. They were seated at a table of stone and they ate out of stone vessels with big wooden spoons.

"What have you there, little Michael?" asked the Giant's wife.

"Another of the little creatures," said the porter with the cat's eyes. "I'm going to

asked.

So he sat down on a stack and dug his elbows hard into his knees and pretended to himself he didn't want any supper. Then the sun began to go down, ever so slowly, and by and by it got dark and the moon came out. It was a beautiful moon, and Jimmy wasn't afraid at all—oh, not at all.

But he jumped pretty hard all the same when something moved in his stack and a little field mouse came running out. He was a tiny little mouse, and he was quite as scared

as Jimmy wasn't. So he ran back into the stack. But Jimmy sat very still, and after a while he came out again. Jimmy was glad to have him for company, for all he wasn't afraid, and he didn't move a muscle. The lit-

tle field mouse looked at him a long time, all ready to jump back, but presently he decided Jimmy wasn't dangerous and ran off into the moonlight.

You see, the little field mouse was running

away, too. He knew it wasn't safe to be out when the moon was shining, or at least his mother had told him so. But he didn't like the way he was treated, either, so he came out to play with the moon. He almost repeated when he saw Jimmy. But Jimmy didn't harm him, so he grew bolder.

Jimmy's eyes were beginning to get heavy, and the little field mouse had gone out of his sight between two cornhills, when something feathered and scarce y whizzed past and swooped. Jimmy said "Mamma" right out loud, and then in the moonlight he saw a great owl carrying off the poor little field mouse in his talons. Then Jimmy was scared. He began to cry and run toward home. And suddenly again above him was the owl holding his poor little friend dangling. The little field mouse was fighting, apparently, for the owl couldn't seem to get very high above the earth. Jimmy grabbed up a stone and threw with all his might, and for a wonder it hit the old owl. At least, he dropped poor little Mr. Field Mouse, and Jimmy ran forward and picked him up.

At first he was too dazed to move. But Jimmy took him back to his cornstack and stood guard, and presently the little mouse revived enough to crawl under. Then Jimmy started for home as fast as his legs could carry him.

"Goodby, Mr. Field Mouse," he said. "I guess it doesn't pay to run away."

## KITES.

The stars are high and white—  
Perhaps each star's a little kite  
So high we cannot see the string.  
There is no wind, for all the kites stand still.  
Then, is our earth the hill  
The boys are standing on whose kites we see?  
How still and white  
Is each far kite!  
—If one belonged to me!

—Mary Carolyn Davies.

## What Bird Does This Picture Represent?



## It's Not Wise to Run Away from Home Alone

By E. A. SMART.

JIMMY was out in the cornfield feeling very unhappy indeed because his father had decided just at the last minute that it would be too dangerous to let him have that new air rifle he wanted. Jimmy felt very much abused and unappreciated. He thought some of eating as many green apples as he could, because he had heard Aunt Sally telling his mother about a little boy who got colic and died from doing that. But he decided it would be better to run away, or just stay hidden out in the cornfield overnight, because then they might be sorry and give him the rifle, and if he were dead he couldn't use it.

So he sat down on a stack and dug his elbows hard into his knees and pretended to himself he didn't want any supper. Then the sun began to go down, ever so slowly, and by and by it got dark and the moon came out. It was a beautiful moon, and Jimmy wasn't afraid at all—oh, not at all.

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## PUZZLE CORNER

SIMPLE CROSS OF DIAMONDS.

x  
x  
x  
x x x x x  
x  
x  
x

Central letters reading down—The sound of a light, quick step.

Central letters reading across—A classified list of books or articles.

Upper diamond across—A consonant, a white lie, a consonant. Down—A consonant, a deep hole, a consonant.

Left-hand diamond across—A consonant, a domestic animal, a consonant. Down—A consonant, a curse, a consonant.

Right-hand diamond across—A consonant, a trunk of a tree, a consonant. Down—A consonant, an inclination of the head, a consonant.

Lower diamond across—A consonant, an obstruction in a stream, a consonant. Down—A consonant, a light blow, a consonant.

## ANSWERS.

CLOCK.

Initials of the words at the hour spaces spell "Half past nine," the time indicated by the hands. I—Hat. H—Ate. III—Lid. IIII—Fob. V—Pen. VI—Art. VII—Saw. VIII—Tub. IX—Net. X—Lee. XI—Nod. XII—Ear.

## HIDDEN FABRICS.

Tweed, drem, poplin, satin, calico, challis, crepe, worsted, cotton, silk, pique, gingham.

## MABEL'S MISADVENTURES.

BY ELIZABETH KIRKMAN

Everybody's cross at me—  
This morning, all-in-white,  
I went to the photographer's  
I was a lovely sight!  
He posed me beautifully,  
Saying, 'Keep quiet, please,  
But every time he snapped  
the thing  
I always had to sneeze!

